

"One murder makes a villain,  
Millions a hero. Princes are  
privileged  
To kill, and numbers sanctify  
the crime."

Read Tomorrow's Instalment of the Thrilling Serial "The Hidden Hand," Which Appears on This Page

# The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

God answers sharp and sudden  
on some prayers,  
And thrusts the thing we have  
prayed for in our face.  
A gauntlet with a gift in it.  
R. BROWNING.

## Only A Crust . . .

By C. D. BATCHELOR



ONLY a crust of bread. Yes, we throw it away. We not only do that, but we throw away and waste food of greater value at a time when half the world is in want, when starvation knocks at the doors of homes nearer the struggle against a great and monstrous tyranny. Can we not realize that modern war is not all bullets and bloodshed? Can we not come to see that in wasting food we are adding pain to our allies and even to our own troops? We have grown to look upon the supplies of food as limitless. They are not limitless. With millions of producers stemming the tides of tyranny in our behalf, it is only FAIR that our FARE should be FAIR to them. Waste at any time is foolish. It has now become an act of criminal selfishness.

## DRACULA or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

One of the Most Thrilling Novels of the Age—Love, Mystery, Intrigue, Adventure, Mingled in a Gripping Serial. Read It in THE TIMES Every Day.

**PART ONE—(Continued)**

"NEVER me, oh my friend! Am I to proceed in my work?"

Arthur threw himself on his knees, and hid his face in his hands, as he answered:

"Do as you will, friend; do as you will. There can be no horror like this ever again more!" and he groaned in spirit.

Quincey and I simultaneously moved toward him, and took his arms. We could hear the click of the closing lantern as Van Helsing held it down; coming close to the tomb, he began to remove from the chains some of the sacred emblems which he had placed there.

We all looked on in horrified amazement as we saw, when he stood back, the woman, with a corporeal body as real at that moment as our own, pass in through the interstice where scarce a knife-blade could have gone. We all felt a glad sense of relief when we saw the professor calmly restoring the strings of putty to the edges of the door.

When this was done, he lifted the child and said:

"Come now my friends, we can do no more till tomorrow. There is a funeral at noon, so here we shall all come before long after that. The friends of the dead will all be gone by 2, and when the sexton locks the gate we shall remain. Then there is more to do, but not like this of tonight."

**LEAVE YOUR VICTIM SAFE WITH POLICE.**

As for the little one he is not much harm, and by tomorrow night he shall be well. We shall leave him where the police will find him, as on the other night, and then to home." Coming close to Arthur, he said:

"My friend Arthur, you have had sore trial; but after when you will look back, you will see how it was necessary. You are now in the bitter waters, my child. By this time tomorrow you will, please God, have passed them, and have drunk of the sweet waters; so do not mourn overmuch. Till then I shall not ask you to forgive me."

Arthur and Quincey came home with me, and we tried to cheer each other on the way. We had left the child in safety, and were tired; so we all slept with more or less reality of sleep.

28 September, night.—A little before 12 o'clock we three—Arthur, Quincey Morris, and myself—called for the professor. It was odd to notice that by common consent we had all put on black clothes. Of course, Arthur wore black, for he was in deep mourning; but the rest of us wore it

## Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

### Helen Astonishes Warren by Boldly Going Out and Leaving Him in the House.

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WHEN Warren came into the apartment after telling Helen that he intended to remain downtown for the evening, Helen was astounded. But when he told her that he had been simply trying her out to see whether or not she would put and be angry if he took an evening off with the boys, she felt hurt and humiliated.

She wanted to tell Warren that it had not been the fact that he wanted to take an evening off, but it had been the way he had announced the fact. Off hand, and at a moment's notice, after she had planned dinner, she did feel that it was thoughtless and inconsiderate, but she knew that if she began to protest as to the reason for her voice sounding so cold over the telephone, Warren would not believe her.

For a few moments she hardly knew what to do, her sudden resolve to go downtown and have dinner with Frances and Carp had crumbled away when Warren shamed her with his sarcasm. But suddenly she decided to go through with it after all.

"Well, Warren," she began, her voice trembling with nervousness, but gaining confidence as she went on. "I took you at your word, and made an engagement for the evening. I'm sorry."

Warren looked at her as though he could not quite believe his ears, but Helen masked her nervousness well and looked perfectly calm and unruffled.

"You made an engagement for dinner?"

"Why, yes; I didn't see any reason why I should remain here alone all evening."

"Where are you going?"

"Down town with some friends. Now that Helen had begun this actually unheard of thing she was rapidly beginning to enjoy herself. Warren stared at her, incredulous and startled.

"For see, there was nothing that would not save until tomorrow, so I told Mary that she might go out for the evening. She's dressing now."

"Well, she won't go out," said Warren angrily. "I'll quickly stop that part of it."

"I don't think I would if I were you, Warren," said Helen evenly. "If you do, Mary will probably leave."

"She has no grounds for leaving. This isn't her evening off."

"I know, but I gave her this evening off. It would make you ridiculous if you interfered."

"Well," spluttered Warren, "this is a fine mix-up. A man comes home and finds he can't interfere with the household regime even enough to have the maid cook his dinner."

"Well, it's your own fault, you telephoned in a very inconsiderate way that you were staying downtown with the crowd, and you are simply taking the consequences."

One end of it was hardened by charring in the fire, and was sharpened to a fine point. With this stake came a heavy hammer, such as in households is used in the coal cellar for breaking the lumps. To me, a doctor's preparations for work of any kind are stimulating and bracing, but the effect of these things on both Arthur and Quincey was to cause them a sort of consternation. They both, however, kept their courage, and remained alert and quiet.

**VAN HESLING PREPARES FOR GHOULISH OPERATION.**

When all was ready, Van Helsing said:

"Before we do anything, let me tell you this: It is out of the lore and experience of the ancients and of all those who have studied the powers of the un-dead. When they become such, there comes with the change the curse of immortality; they cannot die, but must go on age after age adding new victims and multiplying the evils of the world; for all that die from the praying of the un-dead become themselves un-dead, and prey on their kind. And so the circle goes on everwidening, like as the ripples from a stone thrown in the water."

"Friend Arthur, if you had met that kins who you know of before poor Lucy died; or again, last night when you open your arms to her who would in time, when you had died, have become nostratu, as they call it in Eastern Europe, and would all time make more of those Un-Deads that so have filled us with horror. The career of this so unhappy dear lady is but just begun. These children whose blood she suck are not as yet so much the worse; but if she live on, Un-Dead, more and more they lose their blood and by her power over them they come to her; and so she draw their blood, with that so wicked mouth."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

## Hats Picturesque and Otherwise

TAILORED is scarcely the word for this rolled brim, topped with gaura, at the right, yet nothing could be smarter for the "tailor maid" with either suit or dress. The stock and jabot are of white satin. The black tie disappears in order to give the row of white buttons a chance to fall in line.

COQUETTISH and demure is the hat below of bronze velvet with its softening fold of tulle, through which blue eyes look bluer and brown eyes browner, "a'est pas!" The white satin collar is faced with cloth of gold.

THE girl with beautiful hair, instead of "hiding it under a bushel," as so often happens, should adopt the line of hat above, which shows the sweep of her shining coiffure. A good hat for fur collars this is, because the brim gives the pose of the head a chance to reveal itself.

ARTISTIC lines and simplicity in trimming distinguish the dress hat to the left. It conforms to almost any neck finish, high or low. The collar of fust lace adapts itself to the hat of severe or dressy lines.

## Evolution Not 'Ridiculous'

By GARRETT P. SEVIER

THERE has been a notable increase lately in the number and intensity of the attacks made upon the scientific doctrine of evolution, especially as it applied to the development of man. Here is a characteristic specimen:

Do you really believe in the ridiculous theory of evolution? If so, why cannot different species be crossed? Where is the missing link? Why are not evolutionary processes going on now, or even since the earliest historical records? Not even a radical evolutionist believes that life can come from anything but life. Is it less reasonable to believe or "scientific" (the camouflaged pitfall into which many a fool has fallen) that man should have been planted here rather than a micro-organism something-or-other.

ADAMITE.

The Original Idea.

For answer I say that I do believe in the "ridiculous theory" of evolution, and I regard the general fact that species do not cross as an argument in its favor; there is no real "missing link" even in the case of man; evolutionary processes are now going on. The fact that we have never seen life come from anything but pre-existing life is not contradictory to the theory of evolution, but rather confirmatory of it. It is less reasonable to suppose that man should have been "planted" here rather than that in line with other living forms, he should have been developed from "a microscopic something-or-other."

Having thus squarely joined issue with "Adamite" on all of his points, let us briefly discuss them.

First—the old idea, formulated by Linnaeus, was that there are just as many kinds, or species, of animals and plants in the world as there were separate forms created at the beginning. This implied definite, fixed, unchangeable types. But any zoologist will now tell you that the line of separation between adjacent species is indefinite, and that every species has within it tendencies to variation which lead to new departures from the specific type. Children

Second—Concerning "missing links" in the chain of evolution, it may be said, in a sentence, that they are imaginary results of the false notion that the successive forms produced by evolution can be traced in a linear series. That can be done only over limited periods of time, but where the investigation, as in the case of man, leads back to a common ancestor from which divergent stems have arisen, the line is swallowed up just as in following down a small branch of a tree every crook and counter crook complicates the question of identity.

Third—Those who think that the theory of evolution implies changes in the forms of life so rapid that they may be detected everywhere in a generation, or in a lifetime, or even in a century, really do not understand the theory. The development of a species may occupy untold thousands, or in some cases, millions, of years. As already said, there are a few cases in which the evolution seems to proceed by a sudden step, or leap, called a mutation. These are many cases in which varieties, though not new species, may be produced, either with or without the interference of man in a very short time. These are the results of crossing, selection, and breeding. The achievements of Luther Burbank alone ought to be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable conviction as to the tendency to variation in any species (at least of plants), are so great that the idea of fixity cannot be entertained. Any horse, cattle, sheep or fowl breeder can offer evidence equally convincing with regard to animals. Let variation go on long enough, and accumulate its effects, as Darwin said, and the result, after a long interval of time, will be a change of species.

Fourth—Attempts to produce new life, independent of breeding life, have failed. How does that fact invalidate the theory of the evolution of the forms of life? It simply shows, as evolutionists themselves point out, that heredity is one of the fundamental conditions of the continuance of life, along with heredity goes the principle of variation, on which evolution is based. If there were no inherent tendency to variation every man would be a duplicate of Adam, and every woman a perfect image of Eve. That would be bad for husbands and wives, besides making human existence an intolerable humdrum and bore.

Fifth—Finally, if we are to regard life as having originated from a "planting," it is surely far more reasonable to suppose that what was planted must have been in the nature of a seed, or a germ, than that it was a complete and unalterable being. A single look around us at the ways of nature shows that the law of life runs from the seed to the perfect creature, and that there is no beginning except with the seed. And a deeper look into the seed itself, proves that what is locked up there is a multitude of tendencies and possibilities and not a single one alone.

## Advice to the Married

By Aunt Sophie.

My husband is a lovely man, built somewhat on the noble plan of a big Harlem moving van; but he can scold, my husband can!

WITH this touching verse Mrs. Artichoke begins her long complaint in a letter I received from her this morning.

I was feeling happy this morning when I blew into the office and opened her letter. I had heard the song of the last Autumn robin, had enjoyed a good breakfast, and was ready for anything that might come along in the way of doubts or disappointments, but I was not ready and could not be ready, for a letter so sad as the letter of Mrs. Artichoke.

Mrs. Artichoke says in this letter that before she married her Henry she had heard him spoken of in the kindest terms by their mutual acquaintances. She was not prepared for the disillusionment she received, and now she says she just doesn't know which way to turn.

Aunt Sophie is used to these yelps. They do not sadden her as they once saddened her. Long years of experience have taught her that almost every married woman can find something in the way of a fault, when she begins picking her hubby to bits. But there is something ineffably sad about this letter before me.

"Most husbands at least make a bluff at kindness now and then," she writes, "but not my Henry. He is about as full of human pity and kindness as a chunk of frozen sandstone. He looks when I have breakfast early and he kicks when it is a little late. He never eats lunch when I prepare it, and when I prepare no lunch he says his stomach is rumbling. He is fierce!"

Well, well! It would appear that Mrs. Artichoke is tied to a very poor bet. It would seem that when she walked up the aisle to the altar she learned for the first time that walking is not always beneficial exercise. She is not the first little bride to regret that tramp to the front, nor will she be the last.

She says in her letter that she had always understood married life was like a beautiful picture. "The only picture it is like, now that I have seen it exposed," she adds, "is a moving picture I once saw called 'War On Three Fronts.'"

Well, girls, now you see what a gamble it all is. Now you may decide to pause in your mad rush after a husband and a home. Aunt Sophie does not wish to be a Killjoy, nor would she sound the Gypsy's warning to every girl about to take the

leap into double harness; but Aunt Sophie has seen a lot out of her four eyes, and even without her specs, she has seen enough to warn girls not to be too hasty in their dash for home.

Mrs. Artichoke ought to be ashamed of herself. A man could be as kind as a teddy bear. All he needs is a little firm treatment, and if Mrs. Artichoke knows a good law firm he should take it up with them. Life is too short to be tied up to a grudge in "Aunt Sophie" wouldn't entertain the idea for a moment, and she cannot advise her dear lady readers to do anything she wouldn't do herself.

If your husband gives you sorrow, Tie a can to him tomorrow.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Noislessly but with all his might, a burglar tugged away at a dressing table drawer. In vain. It refused to open. He tugged again. "Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him. The burglar turned. The owner of the house was sitting up in bed and looking at him with an expression of the deepest interest on his face. "Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that is in it."